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Why not get your "Money's Worth" when you buy Fertilizers?

People kick about the price of Corn—struggle for reduction in the price of Flour and grow excited over the way they think that they are being robbed for these necessities. Yet some of them go right ahead paying two or three dollars per ton more for their Fertilizers than the actual analysis of the goods will warrant.

Too many of us struggle for reductions that are hard to secure, and often ignore the economies and better values that are open to every Farmer who will use good common sense and discretion in buying Fertilizers. You can surely save a considerable percentage of your money, and you can secure much more satisfaction in your farm work if you will only buy your Fertilizers right.

Take our celebrated G. W. G. Soluble Guano for example. It measures right up on actual analysis with Guano sold by our competitors at much higher prices—so it is with all our brands, extra values are obtained in each without extra cost to the Farmer.

Come and talk over Fertilizers with us. If you have any trade in you we can more than give you your money's worth.

Seneca Fertilizer Co.

G. W. Gignilliat,
General Manager.

FARMERS' UNION BUREAU OF INFORMATION.

Conducted by the
South Carolina Farmers' Educational and Co-Operative Union.

Communications intended for this Department should be addressed to
J. C. Stribley, Pendleton, S. C.

Notice is here given that every local union after the expiration of thirty days, or before the first of October, 1907, will be required to assemble and vote on the new amendment to the South Carolina Constitution, making the dues double what they are now. This increase in the dues will put new life in the union and forward the work of organizing the State.

This increase of dues may cause some few lukewarm members to drop out of the union, which should be an argument in its favor, for the reason that all such people that think and work for the principle of asking their best men to work for nothing are not the kind of men needed in your union. That idea of not paying men to do things for the good of all that has been saving such enormous amounts in the value of cotton alone, will have to go. Drop all such ideas and members, too, that stick to the principles of asking others to leave their work and homes to work for them without pay.

Cotton School at Clemson.

For some time the Farmers' Union of South Carolina has been looking into the feasibility of establishing a cotton school on their own account, not knowing that Clemson College was already well equipped for this purpose.

Now, it is no news to the up-to-date cotton grower to tell him that beyond doubt this State loses annually enough cotton money on arbitrary grading to build a warehouse at most of the shipping stations in the State. This thing of trusting the grading and classifying cotton to the ordinary two-by-four "cotton slasher" of the country must go with the privilege of pricing our cotton.

We must get up some real good expert cotton graders, or classifiers that do this work from the standpoint of the requirements of the mills, and out of this imposition of the common so-called expert liars than they are the classifiers of cotton.

I call for a committee from the union to go to Clemson and look into this cotton school question there and let the people know how it is.

The click, click of the bucket shop telegraph hammer may be dead, but but the "cotton bureau" has been born in a number of places where the bucket shops used to thrive.

Since the bucket shops have died out and over a thousand cotton warehouses have come up like toad stools in almost a night, cotton bears are not making for tall timber like some thought, but, on the contrary, they have quit the town offices and gone out into the country cotton patches trying a new game there, to buy cotton before it is made in order to keep the cotton out of these safety vaults, the cotton warehouses.

Commence now preparing for more oats and wheat crops. This resolution well carried out will place the seal upon your resolutions and

determinations to name your own prices for your cotton and maintain your position in this matter against the onslaught of the cotton bears of the land.

Perhaps one of the finest corn crops ever grown in South Carolina is now to be seen growing, with good prospects for maturing.

This fine corn crop, backed up by a fair oat crop, places the farmers of this State in a fine position for demanding a profitable price for their cotton crop and getting their price.

Fortified with more than a thousand warehouses, owned and operated by the Farmers' Union, and supported by the large majority of the business men in other occupations, it matters little what the size of the present crop may be, the producers of cotton can name a reasonable profit on their cotton crops and get their own prices.

No matter how favorable the seasons may be from now on, it is impossible for this crop to supply the enormous demand for cotton. Steady yourselves in the saddle, boys, but don't get giddy-headed or lean too far on either side.

In our extensive travels over the State we find a few farmers that have sold their cotton crops before it is made for from 12 to 12½ cents per pound. Now these farmers are not getting any jumps on others nor fooling anyone except themselves, for the reason should be plain to anyone that these buyers are out to make money for themselves, and when the unorganized and uninformed farmer puts up his single judgment against a well organized and well informed class of cotton speculators he is sure to lose out at every touchdown these slick chaps make on his cotton patches. If these organized speculators did not believe, or you may say know, that cotton will bring more than they offer, where is the inducement for these speculators to contract instead of buying the cotton when it comes on the market?

Beat Him One Way.

As Mark Twain and a friend were chatting at the summer home of the humorist, Quarry Farm, near Elmira, N. Y., the conversation turned to the wealth of John D. Rockefeller, says Success Magazine.

"Just think of it, Sam," said the guest, "he has more dollars than there are hairs in that vigorous old thatch of yours."

"That's nothing," replied Mr. Clemens. "I have more dollars than he has hairs in his head."

Men Past Sixty in Danger.

More than half of mankind over sixty years of age suffer from kidney and bladder disorders, usually enlargement of prostate glands. This is both painful and dangerous, and Foley's Kidney Cure should be taken at the first sign of danger, as it corrects irregularities and has cured many old men of this disease. Rodney Burnett, Rockport, Mo., writes: "I suffered with enlarged prostate gland and kidney trouble for years and after taking two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure I feel better than I have for twenty years, although I am now 91 years old."

Home Treatment

J-20

NOT CIVILIZED.

Chief of the Fox and Sax Nation is Skeptical About the Whites.

(From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.) Proud of his ancient race, Chief Thunderwater of the Sax and Fox nation is more than skeptical of the benefits of white civilization. Thunderwater was in Cleveland most of last week on a mission well calculated to maintain his natural pride. He was undertaking to raise money to transfer the bones of his ancestor, Chief Jog-o-sot, from the old E. 9th street cemetery to Lakeview. Thunderwater is a full-blooded Indian, the grandson of Keokuk. He has not the tall, lithe form usually connected with the American aborigine. His eyes, however, stamp him as a thoroughbred. They are black, ceaselessly active and inscrutable as the grave. His conversation is that of an educated man, but he is not learned in books.

"I cannot understand the inability of white people to value the Indian at his true worth. Since the first pale face landed at Jamestown the Indian has been given the worst of the bargain. He is now at the last ditch. They say we are rapidly disappearing."

"Be that as it may, I can bear the cruel wrongs which my people have suffered even though it may result in their extermination, but I will not endure having our civilization scoffed at. We are not barbarians. Before the whites came to this country we Americans had developed a civilization in many respects superior to yours of to-day. If the aim of civilized life is the happiness of the people we must be counted easy victors. We had solved the problem of adapting ourselves to our environment."

"There had never been a people healthier than we. Disease was almost unknown until the white man brought smallpox. Our medical knowledge was amply sufficient to cure the wounds which we might incur in our outdoor life. Drunkenness had never been heard of."

"As for our arts, it is enough to say that our whites are to-day vainly seeking to learn how to make blankets like the Navajo women's, but you cannot. Was our life primitive? Yes, in the sense that it was simple. We lived in tepees."

"I went into a drug store to-day and while I stood there a newsboy came running in, his face badly cut. The druggist said he could do nothing, as it was unlawful for any one but a doctor to dress wounds. He sent him away. Do you suppose that if that boy had come to my tepee bleeding he would have gone away uncared for?"

HELP IS OFFERED

TO WORTHY YOUNG PEOPLE We earnestly request all young persons, no matter how limited their means or education, who wish to obtain a thorough business training and good position, to write by first mail for our great half-rate offer. Success, independence and probable fortune are guaranteed. Don't delay. Write today. The Co.-Ala. Business College, Macon, Ga. N.B.—300 requests for telegraphers now filed; men or women. Salaries \$50 to \$70 per month.

REFUSED TO KISS HER MOTHER.

A Pathetic Scene at Depot in Charlotte Saturday Morning.

(Charlotte Chronicle.)

A rather stirring scene was that this morning at the Southern depot, when Mrs. Thomas B. Young tried to kiss her nine-year-old daughter, Irene Glenn, of Gastonia, who, with her uncle and aunt, were at the station on their way to Columbia, S. C. The mother had not seen her child for many months—in fact since the mother and father, N. P. Glenn, were divorced. The court gave the child to her father and Mr. Glenn has had the little girl in Gastonia with him since.

Within a few hours after the divorce was granted, Mrs. Glenn was married to Mr. Young, of this city, and has been making her home here.

When the mother went to her daughter this morning at the station and lovingly threw her arms around her and kissed the child, the aunt of the child rushed to the little girl and tried to take her away. The mother said: "Irene, don't you know me, it is your mother; don't you love me?" "No, I don't love you; don't kiss me any more," was the child's reply. "I haven't seen you for so long, Irene, kiss me," pleaded the mother. The child began to scream, and it was then that her aunt came to her assistance and the mother turned and walked away.

There were many bystanders and the attention of them was attracted by the child. Mrs. Young is a handsome brunette, tall and graceful. She is well known in Charlotte. The affair of this morning was a most pathetic one and many a heart was wrung by the treatment of the child to her mother.

Pineules for the kidneys strengthen these organs and assist in drawing poison from the blood. Try them for rheumatism, kidney and bladder trouble, for lumbago and tired, worn-out feeling. They bring quick relief. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sold by Dr. J. W. Bell, Walhalla; W. J. Lunney, Seneca.

Alcohol from Cactus Plants.

(From the Milwaukee Sentinel.)

"Texas ranchers are much pleased with the new denatured alcohol law, for it is expected that they will be able to make a goodly sum of money from the cactus plant, which grows so prolifically there," said A. R. La Sage, of Cincinnati. Large areas of land in Texas are covered with cactus, which has been almost useless up to this time. It is claimed that the leaves contain a large amount of raw material which, when distilled, makes an excellent alcohol. Portable stills have already been set up on many of the ranches for the double purpose of making alcohol and fodder from the plant."

"That's Just My Luck."

(S. L. Goode in American Farmer.) "That's just my luck," said pessimist Bill.

When his wagon stuck on the side of the hill.

He was half asleep and he did not see The rut in the road by the old oak tree.

Had Bill been alert with his load of truck He never would have said, "That's just my luck."

When his cow was killed by an old freight train,

"That's just my luck," said poor Bill again.

Now the fact is this: there's a broken gate

That Bill failed to fix till it was too late,

And so the old cow with an old cow's pluck

Strayed on to the track just to bring Bill luck.

One wild, windy night Bill's big barn was burned—

"That's just my luck, well I'll be darned."

Yes, Bill would swear, but here is the joke,

That Bill's cob pipe was the cause of the smoke.

Whatever we sow we are bound to pluck,

Then like Bill we cry: "That's just my luck."

Pineules for the kidneys and bladder. They bring quick relief to backache, rheumatism, lumbago, tired, worn-out feeling. They produce natural action of the kidneys in filtering waste matter out of the blood. Thirty days' treatment \$1. Money refunded if Pineules are not satisfactory. Sold by Dr. J. W. Bell, Walhalla; W. J. Lunney, Seneca.

A Card of Thanks.

Editors Courier: I desire to express my gratitude to the people of Walhalla and community who so kindly remembered my son Richard in his sickness, death and burial. The many expressions of sympathy have done much toward lifting us out of the depths of grief in which we have been plunged, and in a large measure overwhelmed. We are sincerely grateful to all the friends who have so kindly helped us in this sore trial, and while we thank them one and all, we assure them that we shall not soon forget the precious sympathy accorded us. O. P. Sloan. Simpsonville, S. C.

Manzan Pile Remedy comes put up in a collapsible tube with a nozzle. Easy to apply right where soreness and inflammation exists. It relieves at once blind, bleeding, itching or protruding piles. Guaranteed. Price 50c. Get it to-day. Sold by Dr. J. W. Bell, Walhalla; W. J. Lunney, Seneca.

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